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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIII. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1904. NUMBER 28.

A LITTLE SKETCH.

What this troubled old world needs
Is less of quibbling over creeds,
Fewer words and better deeds,

Less of "Thus and so shall you
Think and act and say and do."
More of "How may I be true?"

Less of wrangling over text;
Less of creed and code perplexed;
More of charity unvexed.

Less of shouting: "I alone
Have the right to hurl the stone;"
More of heart that will condone.

Less of ruling: "Hear: you must
Hold this tenet, wrong or just;"
More of patient, hopeful trust,

Less of microscopic scan
Of the faults of fellow-man;
More of brave uplifting plan.

Less of dogma, less pretence,
More belief that Providence
Sanctifies our common sense.

More of chords of kindness blent
O'er the discords of dissent—
Then will come the great content.

"To be good, and to do good"—
Simple, plain, for him who would,
A creed that may be understood.

W. D. Nesbit.

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

JUST PUBLISHED

WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?

An Answer to a Letter.

A Sermon by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

PAMPHLET

Single Copies, 10 Cents. Per Dozen, $1.00.

Unity Publishing Company

3939 Langley Avenue

CHICAGO

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME LIII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1904. NUMBER 28

HIS SPIRIT.

Could I but see with his pure eyes—
Into the hearts of men,
The willingness in me would rise—
To die for them again!

Could I but see with his own love,
What I mankind might give,
What faith of service would I prove—
And dare for men to live!

—William Brunton.

The dire extremity of the Russian army and the humiliating situation at Port Arthur should not render us deaf to the sweet and startling news from the great Russian capital. Whatever the motives may have been, however superstition and family pride may have entered into the problem, the benignant fact still remains that liberty has come to thousands of prisoners, an amnesty has overtaken unnumbered political suspects who for months and years perhaps have been living under the shadow of the gallows. It is a pity that this benignity did not visit the heart of the Czar earlier, but let us rejoice that the belated male heir did arrive, and may those christening honors prove happy omen of a more humane and humanizing reign.

Many of our readers will read with regret the following notice sent by a correspondent to this office. Mrs. Bailey has been a friend, contributor and subscriber to UNITY since its inception and a wide circle of UNITY readers will be touched with sadness at the news of her death and will thank the editor, who, on their behalf, extends to the bereaved family their tenderest sympathies.

Mrs. Sarah M., wife of F. H. Bailey (for many years a prominent citizen and active worker in the Unitarian cause at Chicago, Ill.), suddenly passed from this life to the higher, at her pleasant home in Hopkinton, N. H., Aug. 22. Her health had not been good for the past few years, but she was about her duties—domestic and social—until Saturday afternoon before she passed on Monday afternoon. She was beloved by all who knew her. She filled, to its utmost, her place in home-church-town, and her literary circle, which was quite extended. She leaves a husband, two sisters and a large circle of relatives and friends. Burial was at Graceland Cemetery, Chicago, Ill.

Judge Parker's commitment to the one term limit of presidential honors in his speech of acceptance is a most commendable one. If practical politics in America has demonstrated anything, it is that no president, governor or mayor can give maximum service so long as he has to look out for his fences and have an eye on a second term. Once this fact is clearly recognized by the American public and accepted by the incumbents, then the necessary legislation and constitutional amendments that will prolong the term of office and prohibit re-election will speedily follow. This is one of the extra-partisan issues in American politics that must be faced and carried to a successful issue before there is much hope of any great improvement in our civil service or escape from the humiliations that come from self-seeking and self-promoting office holders.

Not the congestion and contentions on the streets of Chicago, that are the objects of such fevered comment in our newspapers, but the marvelous excavations under the street that are being extended so quietly and which received so little attention from the newspapers, are the great significant things in the municipal life of Chicago. The subterranean thoroughfares where, out of sight, out of hearing and out of the way the great traffic of the city is soon to be carried as mysteriously and rhythmically as blood flows through arteries, represent the latest achievements in city building and suggest spiritual analogies that are as revolutionary and as prophetic. The underground conduits of Chicago represent perhaps the most prophetic contribution to municipal life in current history. It injects a new meaning into the old text, "Look not upon the things that are seen but the things that are unseen; for the things that are seen are temporal, while the things that are unseen are eternal."

The August number of the *Open Court* maintains the reputation of this journal for original material: not only the discussion of men and things from an unusual standpoint, which marks the originality of Dr. Carus, but the discussion of unusual men and things. This particular number contains striking articles on Russian Icons and Japanese Leaders, both of which are profusely illustrated. Iconolatry, or "reverence shown to pictures" is, we are told, still one of the characteristic features of the Russian orthodox church. General Kouropatkin has carried one of the most famous of these Icons with him to the field. It is no wonder then that we find on another page of this magazine Tolstoy's protest against this debilitating reverence. This greatest of Russians in an article in the *London Times* says:

"All over Russia, from the palace to the remotest village, the pastors of the churches, calling themselves Christians, appeal to that God who has enjoined love to one's enemies, to the God of love himself, to help the work of the Devil, to further the slaughter of men.

"All present to each other hideous icons, in which not only no one among the educated believes, but which even the unlearned peasants are beginning to abandon. All bow down to the ground before these icons, kiss them, and pronounce pompous and deceitful speeches in which no one really believes."

Congregationalism in Wisconsin proposes to take a step that would seem to be radically opposed to the spirit as well as the method of the Congregational movement. A committee has reported at the state meeting in favor of incorporating the Congregational Church in Wisconsin with a board of trustees, which,

as we understand it, is to hold in trust all the Congregational property in the state; appoint a pastoral committee for the state; nominate and support a state pastor who is to attend to the pastorless churches in the state, and to somehow control the list of ministers, pronounce on those eligible, etc., and maintain a suitable headquarters as a center for the denominational activities of the state, and this board is to consist of but five members. This is but a striking illustration of the tendency of our times to combination, concentration, and organization—a tendency altogether hopeful, born out of the evolutionary impulse that passes beyond the perfection of the individual to the perfection of the community. The Wisconsin brethren are themselves yielding to rather than leading a tendency and their experiment will be watched with interest. They will find some hard problems in their way. Creedal limitations and dogmatic tests must be left far behind before executive efficiency can be reached, or when reached tolerated.

A peculiar pathos gathers around the contribution of the lamented Mayor Jones of Toledo in his word in "The Thought of the Nation Department" for *Collier's* for August 20th. It is entitled, "Is the Golden Rule Workable?" It may well be taken as a part of his farewell message to the world. After identifying love with reason and insisting that to do the loving thing is to do the reasonable thing, and, further, that the unreasonable way is the unloving way, he says:

"Will the Golden Rule work?" And this question is being asked nearly twenty centuries after Jesus brought it into striking prominence by making it the cornerstone of his philosophy, and during all these centuries we have been teaching and preaching this same philosophy, and we are yet asking, Will it work? Amazing! Why do we ask it? Simply because preaching and teaching have been the sum total of our work. We have left out the important part, *the doing*. We haven't worked at it. We haven't practiced it. We have "blongd" to organizations and institutions established for the purpose of teaching it, and in our lives we have practiced the opposite rule. We are just beginning to learn to apply it. We are beginning to learn that a fight between nations or individuals, whether it be on a field of battle or in a socalled court of justice, no more determines the right or wrong of a question than a fight between wild beasts, and as this truth is dawning upon us we are becoming human, and the number of men and women who refuse to fight, who refuse to hate, and are determined that love and love alone, that the Golden Rule, shall be the guiding philosophy of their lives, is increasing as at no other time in history.

"The Standard Encyclopedia of Temperance and Prohibition." This title is at once startling and significant. The fact that a four-volume work compiled by "two hundred of the foremost authorities on the alcohol question throughout the world, gathered from the literature of thirty-two languages," is now passing through the press of *New Voice* Company is an indication of the marvelous growth of intelligent inquiry and national interest in this question. The editorial work is assumed by John H. Woolley and William E. Johnson, and the list of collaborators contains the names of eminent students in the realms of physical and moral science. The battle has passed beyond the stage of tracts and bible texts; indeed, it has largely passed out of the hands of the revivalist and the reformer. It now enlists the deliberate attention of statesmen, the careful observation of scientists, and the patient support of those interested in civic problems. This work will aim to give the history of the drink customs of all countries; it will give an exhibit of the laws pertaining to the same in all countries and seek the latest conclusions of science concerning the effects of alcohol upon the individual body as well as the body politic. The first volume is promised before the end of the year, and all friends of sober living and good government will welcome its appearance and will do what lies in their power to extend its circulation. Certainly this is a book that should have a place in every gentleman's library.

The Rev. Dana W. Bartlett of the Bethlehem Institutional Church of Los Angeles, is not afraid that the spirituality of his church will be lowered by activities. His conception of a preacher's function is not confined to pious declarations and holy emotions on Sunday or liturgical helps during the week. This church is thus described in the *Congregationalist* for August 20:

Bethlehem stands for a gospel to the whole man; that which appeals to the individual and to the community as a social unit. With a profound sense of the importance of a right environment in the struggle for a right life, its people are busy helping all classes. * * * There is a flourishing school for Japanese and a hotel for laboring men without homes. The public bath is busy all the time. The free dispensary helps the sick. A Good Samaritan Department cooperates with the Associated Charities in distributing clothing as well as investigating applications for aid.

Life is more than raiment. Bethlehem is not only a philanthropy, a local improvement club, a center of classes and pleasant evenings—it is a church of Christ. Here Mr. Bartlett and his helpers bring men not only to the knowledge of what they should do, but to Him who came to give men a motive strong enough to help them do it.

* * * * * * *

The work is always growing. The old Men's Hotel has become entirely inadequate and Bethlehem is compelled to plan a better home for these self-respecting, homeless working men. Not all the needed sum is yet raised. When this enterprise has been completed it will provide not only sleeping-rooms but parlors, dining-rooms which our successful Coffee Club (a saloon substitute operated by the City Endeavor Union) will manage, a gymnasium, lecture and entertainment hall, reading and game rooms.

Such an institution produces by-products. It not only reaches the Eighth Ward, it influences the city; it is a source of inspiration to all classes. The last Senior Class in economics from Pomona College spent a week as Mr. Bartlett's guest. The study of sociology at first hand was a new experience. It was not a mere "slumming trip," the students saw all sides of municipal life. Each day was given to a special topic: Organized Charities, Philanthropy, Manufactories, Labor, Justice, Municipal Life and Religion. The day assigned to Organized Justice was spent in seeing how the state seeks to prevent crime and cure the criminal. In the evening they were guests of the men's prayer meeting and from the bitter experience of all sorts of men these collegians came in contact with desperate cases of moral disease and learned how the Great Physician cures them. This Christian family with its circle of helpers is following in His steps as it works for a regenerate manhood and a regenerate social order.

After Music.

I saw not they were strange, the ways I roam,
Until the music called, and called me thence,
And tears stirred in my heart, as tears may come
To lonely children straying far from home
Who know not how they wandered so, nor whence.

If I might follow far and far away
Unto the country where these songs abide,
I think my soul would wake and find it day,
Would tell me who I am and why I stray—
Would tell me who I was before I died.

—*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

Fifteenth Season for the Tower Hill Summer School.

The spirit, methods and matter of the Tower Hill Encampment, which has just closed its fifteenth season, have been suffieiently set forth in these columns by our correspondents on the ground, but tradition, if no other reason, calls for a few general editorial comments, both retrospective and prospective.

Looking back, frankness requires the admission that there is no perceptible growth in numbers, but the school has certainly held its own and this season has fully maintained the steady growth in the regularity and interest of the attendants, and still more in the clearness and incisiveness of the instruction. There were no new methods tried, no strain at uniqueness, but the work of the preceding years led to a more clear differentiation of the study life on the Hill. It might be profitable to try to re-state once more these lines, four in number, viz.:

1. Nature Study, with the Hill for text book. For at least an hour a day the eyes of old and young were intent on seeing that which the Hill produces, and the attendant ears were open to receive the instruction and inspiration connected therewith.

2. An attempt to "widen the vision of the past," as George Eliot puts it in "The Spanish Gypsy," by a study of the religious experiences of the race, connecting the life of ages with the spiritual experiences of the soul of to-day.

3. Explorations in the poetry fields of the world; seeking an increasing intimacy with the masters in literature.

4. Popular instruction by evening lectures, reinforced by pictures and illustrations.

The forenoons, from half past eight to twelve, with two half-hour intermissions, for five days in the week, were given to the first three numbers; an average of two nights a week to the last number, the afternoons being free. The absolute freedom from the conventionalities of dress and the dressing industry and absence connected therewith, the attempts at entertainment or amusement, evening parties, functions, dances, etc., made the foregoing program light, at least to the students, and not heavy to the Conductors. How could it be otherwise, with the inspiration of close listening, sympathetic appreciation, and theever present normal element, bringing the consciousness that teachers were being taught and that there were those listening who meant to pass the message (whatever it might be) on? Half a dozen high school teachers and preachers, twice as many Sunday-school teachers, and another dozen mothers, older sisters and occasionally a father, made the work a delight. The readers of UNITY may well believe the testimony of the correspondents.

No better proof of the quiet confidence which makes for the restfulness which invests this Summer School venture can be given than the fact that the program for another year, the sixteenth season, was practically settled before the fifteenth session adjourned. The advance work in the life of the hill next year will concern itself with insects, bugs, worms, etc.; the studies in religion—the second year in the seven years' course—will be the great religious systems of the world outside of Judaism and Christianity. The literary work and the lecturing will, so far as possible, be made to contribute to these religious studies. In brief, the aim will be to organize a little five weeks' school in comparative religions under the trees. Here is a possibility for some co-operation on the part of the divinity schools who believe in the continuous inspiration and the universality of the revealing spirit.

But enough. The Conductor of the Summer School, who writes this editorial note, wishes simply to bear testimony to the inspirations that have come to him, the fellowship he has enjoyed and his indebtedness to all parties concerned, particularly to his associates, the Rev. Rett E. Olmstead, Vice-President of the School, who, in the absence of the President, was the tireless hand that kept the wheels a-going and the bells a-ringing on time. Mr. Olmstead's own work with the birds, whether on the screen or on the boughs, showed an alert mind, a seeing ear and a loving spirit. His "Bird Talks" should be heard in many of the parishes, Sunday-schools and public schools of the West this winter. Miss Hatherell, the finder of ferns and the interpreter of fungi, and Miss Mitchell, whose studies in literature are ever marvelous of clearness and monumental in pains-taking thoroughness.

We will not here speak of the incidents that illumined our Summer School, the Sunday meetings, the drives and the picnics, the confidences and the communions, but this much we are bound to say, hoping that in consequence of the saying of it once more a few people even now will begin to plan for next year, and that those who may not be permitted, by circumstances or choice, to come to Tower Hill, will seek to realize something like this or better, in some other place.

Her Last Prayer.

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun;

So clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win;

So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save,
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the call Thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of Thy kingdom vast,
Father, the humbler spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task Thou hast,
Let me repentant work for Thee.

—Written by Helen Hunt Jackson (H. H.) four days before her death.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath;
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both.

—Shakespeare.

Our Tower Hill Letter.

Another week has glided peacefully away on Tower Hill, a golden week to be added to our store of memories. It began with the annual grove meeting, held on Sunday, August 21, always the culmination of our summer program. Although the weather was threatening, the pavilion was crowded when the morning service began. As on previous occasions, all differences of creed were forgotten, and we were able to stand upon the common ground of the great fundamental truths upon which all true religion rests, and "grow one in the sense of this world's life." The opening address of welcome was given by Mr. Granville R. Pike, Pastor of the Millard Avenue Presbyterian Church, Chicago, the latest permanent resident of Tower Hill. He was followed by Professor Adams of the University of Wisconsin, who ably discussed "The Labor Problem of the Near Future," and the Rev. Charles F. Niles, the scholarly pastor of the Unitarian church of Menominee, Wis. After the noon intermission, the audience assembled again to listen to the Rev. John Hardcastle, from the Primitive Methodist church of Mineral Point, Wis., whose face is becoming familiar at these meetings; to Rev. A. M. Spence, pastor of the Congregational church at Green Bay, Wis., who spoke upon "The Real Meaning of the Pentecost," widening and enlarging it until it became a real and potent present-day message, instead of a far-away incident of Bible times; and Mr. T. Lloyd Jones, the earnest worker who is trying to bring light into dark places in Liverpool, England, brought us a greeting of love and kinship from over the sea. These addresses were supplemented by the chorus music of the young people, the solo by Miss Vera Brown of Spring Green, and the singing of our favorite hymns. Then our leader, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, closed the meeting, speaking first of our two old friends who were unable to be present, Father Loomis of Lone Rock, and Mr. Simmons of Minneapolis, whose dear face and sweet presence we have missed so much this summer, and without whom the Grove Meeting could not be quite complete. But we knew he was with us in spirit, and Mr. Jones promised to send to him an expression of our love and good wishes. Then he gathered up the threads of all the discourses and wove them into one fabric—the message of the deed, not the creed, and called our attention to the lessons of the geographical distances compassed in such a day and the significance of it, enabling England to speak to Iowa and Sauk counties, the large cities to reach out to the valleys among the hills, and the university to touch the wheat-fields. For the vesper service in the evening, always the crowning glory of Sunday, we listened to and were uplifted by our old favorites of whom we never tire, Rabbi Ben Ezra and Abt Vogler.

The days which followed were very quiet, for school was over, the Master of the Hill was away most of the week, and we were left to our own devices. The perfect weather tempted the active to take long walks to enjoy the lavish display of the advance guard of autumn glories by the roadside and in field and marsh. Those who wished to be quiet, enjoyed reading aloud, in small companies, such things as William Vaughn Moody's "The Fire-Bringer," our latest and best find in the poetry world, or "The Cloister and the Hearth," with which we are to spend much time this winter in our study class. The ever-hungry scientists, always ready for more worlds to conquer, went on expeditions after specimens and photographs of several kinds of ferns which do not grow on the Hill. Our photographer has done excellent work in this line this summer, and the photographs, both of individual plants and the localities in which they grow, are proving of value to the owners of collections of mounted specimens.

One night we had a belated bird lecture to which one of the guests of the week contributed much pleasure by her piano playing. On another evening, in response to pretty invitations, we went to a party at the pavilion, which we found prettily and daintily decorated with curtains and festoons of oak leaves, and made bright with goldenrod, sunflowers and feathery asparagus, the work of the children, under the direction of our enthusiastic kindergartener. We had been requested to obey the poet's injunction, "Put off thy years," and some of us, in obeying, had also put off the long skirts which are the badge of the years. But whether in long or short skirts or trousers, grave ladies and reverend seigniors all entered with vim into all the games dear to the heart of the kindergarten age, with so much vim, in fact, as to cause a little stiffness the next day. We continued until one grown-up child, being asked to choose a game, proposed one "with eating in it," and after that it was bedtime for children, and we all went home.

And now the days are growing a little shorter, and one by one some familiar face disappears from our midst, turning back to home or work, refreshed and strengthened, to carry away the message of Tower Hill and the influence of its serenity, simplicity, and spiritual renewal, and we realize that the summer is drawing to a close. We have seen the blue carpet of June flowers melt into the bridal white of midsummer, and are now watching the transformation into the royal autumn magnificence of scarlet, purple and gold. We have listened as the melody of the full choir of birds and the serene vesper hymn of the wood-thrush have given way to the hum of insects and the chirping of crickets. As we watch at night the wonderful glow in the western sky, with its pure, clear tones of orange shading into all delicate tints until it melts into the blue, the river changing from bright opal to dark mother-of-pearl, and turning our head, see the harvest-moon coming over the hill, flooding the valley with silver light which meets the gold in the west, we feel that it is good to be here, and that "The best is yet to be," and we remember our sunset message from Rabbi Ben Ezra:

> "Add this to the rest,
> Take it and try its worth; here dies another day."

Aug. 27, 1904. BERTHA M. HOWE.

"The Lift of the Heart."

When we stand with the woods around us
And the great boughs overhead;
When the wind blows cool on our foreheads,
And the breath of the pines is shed;
When the song of the thrush is ringing—
Wonderful, rich apart—
Between the sound and the silence
Comes a sudden lift of the heart.

. . . . . .

When we seek with the clearer vision
That Grief the Revealer brings
For the threads that are shot together
In the close-wrought Web of Things;
And find that Pain is woven
Into Love and Joy and Art,—
Between the search and the solace
Comes a sudden lift of the heart.

And when life's farthing candle
Gutters and flares and sinks;
When the eye no longer wanders,
And the brain no longer thinks;
When only the hand plucks idly
At the sheet till the spirit part—
Does there come between living and dying
A sudden lift of the heart?

—*Elizabeth Kemper Adams*, in the *Atlantic*.

THE PULPIT.

Address (Condensed) of Leonard Courtney at the British National Peace Congress, Manchester, England, June 22.

Reprinted from The Advocate of Peace for August.

We are met at a time which, I am afraid, cannot be said to be very favorable to the cause of peace. The facts of life which we have to face and acknowledge, and which it would be not only foolish but criminal to ignore, are at the present not favorable to our hopes. We are witnessing a very severe war, a war of a new character, which is not only severe but promises or threatens to last—a war between a great European power and an Asiatic power which shows at least the capacity to meet, if not to the end upon equal terms, at all events for a time upon terms really superior, the European power.

That is not all. We have to witness what is evidently the beginning of a war between ourselves and a country which has given no offense, save that of desiring to be left alone. In opening up this war we are disregarding all the experiences of our predecessors; we are neglecting the lessons which have been supposed to be accumulated by the history of our own past.

These are facts which thrust themselves before us in contemplating the operations of the world. But I think we have something more to acknowledge, as weighing against our hopes and our aims than the facts, important as they are, of the war between Russia and Japan and the expedition which we have sent into Thibet. We have to recognize the state of feeling amongst civilized countries, which is one always pregnant with danger of war, instead of the old desire for pacific relations. Instead of a temper of trust and confidence in our neighbors, there has come over Europe and there is extending beyond Europe into the continent of America a temper of aggression, a temper of annexation, a temper of extension of influence and authority which is most threatening to the future peace of the world. How is such a temper to be met, how is it to be assuaged, how is it, if possible, to be laid to rest?

The one answer, which may not seem to be a hopeful answer, which I would give at the outset, is that it is only to be met by the conversion of men, by bringing home to individuals a sense of the iniquity of war, by getting them seized with a sense of the beauty of peace; it is by creating in them something like a passion for the pacific settlement of disputes and a dwelling together in brotherhood of the nations of mankind. It is by these, and these only, that we can ensure the development of peace throughout the world.

This is no new doctrine, no new teaching! and it seems very little to advance us in carrying forward our aims and in fulfilling our hopes. Yet we must fall back upon it, discouraging as the past may have been, unsatisfactory as the prospect of the present may be—we must fall back upon this as the real hope of the future; and even now, looking about us, looking at other nations and looking at our own, we are not without some hopes that the struggle between good and bad, though not always successful, is still one in which we shall win. Some progress has been made, even in recent days, towards the goal we desire to reach. We have seen a movement towards arbitration, which has resulted in treaties between ourselves and France and between ourselves and Italy, and which promises in some way, perhaps not too definitely, the acquisition of a treaty between ourselves and the United States, and may lead to other treaties between European nations. These treaties have been for the pacific settlement of disputes by arbitration, not of all disputes, only of a limited number or a limited class of disputes; but it is a beginning, and one which we believe will by its success develop and multiply, so that the principle of arbitration, adopted at first only in a limited number of cases, will be extended to a large number in the end. It is encouraging that in the agreements which have been entered into there is an increasing tendency to refer disputes not to arbitrators chosen for the occasion, under the influence, it may be, of passions and excitements which arise out of international disputes, but to that court the establishment of which is the other great fact upon which we can look with satisfaction in a review of the recent history of Europe.

The reference to the court of The Hague, as a standing tribunal, of differences arising amongst civilized nations is, in fact, the commencement of a disposition to substitute law instead of force as the great power that will set at rest disputes among men. In endeavoring to infuse amongst our neighbors, and especially amongst the young, that passionate desire for peace, I would have our friends not attempt to deny that war sometimes, indeed often, may be illustrated by virtues—by the virtues, such as they are, which war may develop and bring to the front—but they are virtues which are possible, and more than possible, that are likely to occur, in the sphere of peace. Under peace such virtues are untrammeled and unspoilt by the hideous concomitants that circle round the events that we recognize as noble in the story of war.

Take, for instance, this last contest, which we are now looking upon with sorrow. There are events which have happened in it to which it would be idle to deny some meed of praise. When those Russian ships came out of Chemulpho they came out to certain defeat, and probably death to a large number of those who emerged from the inner harbor. But the men who came, came seriously, soberly, consciously, to yield to what they believed to be a necessity of self-sacrifice, to yield to something outside and greater than themselves, to attempt to do the duty which they owed to the community of which they were the symbols and the emissaries. This was an act which not only schoolboys but historians will have to recognize as an act of heroism comparable to the great acts which are told us of Greece and Rome. So, again, the Japanese who preferred to go down with the transport ships still more recently rather than yield to the enemy, when called upon to surrender, have exhibited a virtue which men of peace must recognize, and must feel even constrained to admire. But these virtues, as I have said, are not virtues which are only possible in war. We may have self-sacrifice in peace. Men may go and men have gone to meet death in the noble work not of injuring one another, but of attempting to help them. Mutual help often requires self-sacrifice, and the devotion to the good not only of your country but of all mankind requires you to be ready to meet any fate, and the virtues which are the virtues of war may be, and often have been, repeated in the story of peace.

There is yet another sphere in which, I think, something may be done to promote the maintenance of peace amongst the nations. Why is it that within the nation, within each civilized nation, peace has been secured? Why is it that within this realm of England we no longer see armed retainers fighting at the bidding of barons and chieftains, and the whole country the scene of strift and conflict? The great strength of peace in England, the great strength of peace within every country that is civilized, lies in the belief, not merely that ease and comfort and plenty can be best secured

by abstinence from the destructive energies of war, but that through law, and through the peaceful administration of law, justice, equity, right between man and man is most assured and most certain.

It is because of the confidence that our institutions administer justice that we have got the internal peace in which we rejoice, and when that confidence disappears it matters not what army of policemen you may have, it matters not how strong may be your martial forces, your internal peace also has gone. We saw that in our own country not very long ago. We had got all the resources of civilization, but peace had departed because there appeared to be, rightly or wrongly, in the minds of a considerable section of the population, a belief that the institutions of the country no longer worked righteousness and no longer secured justice.

It appears to me that the analogy presented by the spectacle of nations within themselves may suggest the best possible means of maintaining the spirit of peace and of assisting the development of peace. The more we can assure the nations of the world that justice between themselves can be secured by pacific means, the more certain will be the departure from all resort to arms. In this way one hails with the greatest satisfaction the agreements which in the last few months have been accomplished between the nations of Europe —that grand work of setting up a Court at The Hague, which is, above and beyond all other, established for referring disputes for arbitration. All this machinery tends toward the maintenance—the development and maintenance—of the faith that equity, right dealing and good conduct between nations may be secured by an institution set up between nations more certainly, more really, more truly by the pacific means of law than by the barbarous means of war.

But there is something beyond and beside these specific agreements. What is international law? We hear a good deal about it, but what does it mean? Here, I think, we ought to recognize the excellence of a set of principles suggested by the rules of equity and conduct and justice within nations, and applied tentatively, bit by bit, in a continuous and increasing degree. International law is not, like municipal law, strictly defined, strictly organized, strictly guaranteed. It is to some extent always in a state of growth, but certain leading principles of it have come to be recognized by all civilized nations. Others are half-recognized, others only just suggested as international law, but in each case it has gone on, now for two centuries or more, growing and growing. In our own time it has grown, and, with the assistance of the British people and the assistance of other civilized nations, may go on growing until the power of international law becomes something between nations like the power of municipal law which operates within a nation. How can we help the growth of this international law, which has grown up, as I said, partly by the suggestion of national equity, wrought through municipal organization, and has been largely indebted to the energetic thought of some great thinkers who have occupied themselves with this problem? It has also grown out of the experience of nations and of statesmen who govern nations, who have learned the dangers out of which wars spring, and who have found principles through the action of which wars may be averted.

Now these principles have been developed largely in times of war, through the energetic attention that neutrals have paid to the conduct of those who have engaged in war, and through the decisive remonstrances neutrals have from time to time made against the actions of belligerents; because two great nations, entering upon war, do not confine the effect of their conduct to themselves—they are continually doing something which affects others, also. The other people remonstrate sometimes with energy and firmness. Out of the remonstrances of neutrals have come to be elaborated principles which have been accepted by all civilized nations, and which now form what you may call additional acts in the statute-book of international law.

Take, for example, privateering. Privateering was a mode of warfare very irregular, easily abused, and capable of degenerating into something not far from piracy. But privateering was a convenient and effective weapon in the hand of the power which could retain the greatest mastery of the seas; and it was insisted on by great maritime countries as a legitimate weapon. But neutrals objected, and resisted, and at last, half a century ago,—at the close of the Crimean War,—it was agreed that privateering, which had been practically abandoned during that war, should not again be resumed, but should be declared abolished. It was a new principle adopted between nations, due largely to the fact that neutrals had declared their refusal to allow the practice to pass without remonstrance, and without—if they were driven to it—adopting some means of preventing it. In the same way there arose the principle that "free ships make free goods,"—that is to say, that when two nations are at war, as Great Britain, for example, with France, Great Britain should not be at liberty to take out of an American ship goods that belonged to a Frenchman, on the plea that they were the goods of a subject of a hostile nation. We used to insist that we could take the goods of an enemy, wherever found; but neutrals said "No." Neutrals for a long time had to yield; but they grew in power, their remonstrances acquired weight, and a sense of the justice of the remonstrance came to be felt. So at the end of the Treaty of Paris the nations of Europe agreed that henceforward free ships should make free goods, contraband of war only excepted; and a new principle was added to the other principles of international law.

Now, international law being a growing thing, its principles being those which from time to time are extended, as the ideas of justice between nations become more and more clear and more and more definite, and as the possibilities of keeping war within bounds and regulations become more and more recognized, it seems to me to be preëminently the duty of every neutral country in time of war to be on the watch, to insist, as far as possible, not only that the existing principles of international law shall be observed, but that everything possible shall be done to extend those principles, to tighten their operation, to strengthen their power, so as to develop out of the elementary beginnings of law which now exist a more complete code for the government of the world.

Well, in the present war have there been questions about which we ought to be jealous? I think there have—questions as to which we should vigilantly inquire. Have we done our duty, have we been keen to see what might be urged which should be not only of use in respect of the present controversy, but might be of extreme importance with respect to the future peaceful relations of the world? You know, probably, there was much discussion on the Continent—not much here—as to the way in which the war between Russia and Japan began. There was no formal declaration of war before an act of war, but there was, it is said, a sufficient warning that a state of war had arisen, and that a warlike act might be expected as the immediate consequence.

Let me point out to you, as friends of peace, the imperative importance of insisting on the principle that

war is not to be tolerated—the starting of war between two principals is not to be tolerated, without some warning, some reason on the part of both sides to believe that it is coming. Whatever else we may think about it, it is certain that the great success of the unexpected attack of Japan upon Russia has already strengthened those people who are most eager to maintain and intensify the armed attitude of nations in their arguments that you must always be prepared with the utmost force, because, without any warning, you may be attacked.

Against that we should insist that the law of nations ought never to permit, and does not permit, a warlike act to be begun without such preliminaries as give at least a warning that that act may be expected. I refer for a moment in passing to a phrase used by an English soldier within the last fortnight, which may bring home to some of you the importance of the principle I am now insisting upon. Lord Dundonald, in quitting his command in Canada and calling attention to the state of the country there, used this remarkable phrase: "Canada exists through the forbearance of a neighboring power." The suggestion, more or less openly expressed, is this—that the United States might at any moment march straight into Canada, and Canada would not be prepared to resist. Well, Canada would not be prepared to resist, if we could conceive of such an iniquity as the United States marching—without notice, without quarrel, without initial discussion, without negotiation, without circumstances leading up to a condition in which war is imminent—marching an army into Canada.

If we are to think of such iniquity as that being possible, as being such as is admissible amongst civilized nations, then, indeed, we must be armed to the teeth against all comers—no man will be safe against his neighbor, no country safe against any other country. It is imperative, I say, to insist that war should never be begun unless after such circumstances as give fair reason of warning on both sides that war may be expected from either one of them.

I look, said Mr. Courtney, in concluding, as the best preservative of peace, as the real, life-giving fount of peace, to a passionate desire to see fulfilled what has been the dream of the best men for centuries, even for thousands of years, the realization of peace between nations; that instead of the barbarities of war we shall have the brotherhood of peace, that instead of nation being arrayed against nation, animated with the mad desire of mutual destruction, we may see them working side by side, each fulfilling peacefully its proper place in the great organization of the world. I look to that as the first thing we must carry with us in our proselytizing energies, wherever we may go. I look next to the doing of our best to maintain the authority of law, as it has been constituted, and to extend the authority of law in cases where it is still capable of extension, so that governments and nations everywhere, recognizing that there will be built up principles by the application of which, between themselves, they may secure the realization of that vision of peace of which I I have spoken. Those doctrines may be supported by your institution, the idea may be supported by your local members, and you may see, with constantly growing force, at The Hague or elsewhere—at The Hague right cheerfully I would accept it—a Court which is, in itself, of slow operation, come to exercise over the nations of the civilized world that great authority which must always tend to the exercise of justice—sane, regulated, wise and liberal justice—amongst nations, as it has been realized amongst individuals.

My Summer in a Hammock.

The moon was full and the sky cloudless last evening, so I lay late in the hammock. The moonlight lay in delicate patter of gold on the thick turf, the shadows of the trees against the house, were wonderfully etched, and I thought what beautiful designs for friezes and frescoes could be copied from them by skilful hands. No need of conventionalizing, the moonlight itself did that, though the outlines of every leaf and spray were sharp. My neighbor's house, which is ornate in finish and white in color, looked like a Moorish palace through the trees. Its tower glimmering in the white light made me dream of the Alhambra and its marble columns, and of the beautiful Campanile of Venice, now fallen into hideous ruin. Most graceful and poetic of all the tall bell towers, passionately loved by the Venetians and the traveled world, irreplaceable, and filled with the suggestiveness of centuries, how sad the loss and how threatening. Will St. Marks and the Dog's palace follow in the fullness of time, and make the ruin of Venice complete, or have they a few remaining years or centuries? Cannot human skill preserve to us these monuments of a revered past, or will they and all the medieval wonders succumb to time and the natural processes of decay, as have so many of the sublimest works of men's hands? Cruel, cruel Time forbear, and leave us at least the rosy marbles of the Dog's palace, and the supreme delicacy of the finish of St. Mark's. Do not shatter the statues no human art can ever replace, do not mar the outlines that are so supernal no language can describe them, or the splendor of the coloring, with which nature alone can vie. Spare the world its idols, O bitter and acrid time; the era of great art has passed forever, let us retain some fragments of its superlative beauty and grandeur. Would we could claim it all. Not a gargoyle or a griffin can we spare from palace or cathedral wall, not an angel or a dragon, not an acanthus leaf or a lotus blossom, however humble and hidden it may be. For there is perfection in such small details as these, as well as in roof and architecture and spire, in towers and mossy cornices and rent battlements. There is here no sickly luxuriance or sudden blankness, but that continuity of armament which is necessary to complete finish. Not a spandril could be spared from the Ducal Palace, not the Doric fluting of a shaft from St. Mark's. Touch them gently, Time.

Then did the moonlight play other fantastic tricks with my imagination, and in the lane of stars between two rows of trees I saw the road to the eternal city filled with the moving caravan of earth's pilgrims going the great way from the transitory to the unchangeable. To what will the stony path lead; where will the earth pilgrims find themselves at the end, we ask, and gaze at the dim depths in vain; mortal vision is too weak to pierce that mystery. Dante tells us the entrance to Paradise was through a forest, even a thick forest, and a pathless one, but the voices of birds were in it, and the lady who stood on the other shore of Lethe, walked on the grass, and passed "the multitudinous flowers through her hands," smiling brightly. There is a human touch in this which makes it acceptable to the heart. Not streets paved with gold, but grass and flowers and forest trees, and smiling women. That is where my lane of stars leads, I am sure, and I shall go not unwillingly to that simple and natural place, when weary of all but death I wait the coming of that angel.

Has not the time indeed pretty nearly passed when men live all their lives subject to bondage through the fear of death? The theological climate has been greatly ameliorated within my recollection certainly, though

I do not date back to the period of the Great Terror, when children trembled in their beds for fear of death and hell, as I have heard older people say they had done in youth; but the present calm outlook upon the future was still unusual in my youth. Perhaps it is not as common now as I am led to believe, judging by my own acquaintances who are largely composed of the lovers and readers of books. I doubt not there are many yet in cloistered nooks, and in valleys of seclusion, to whom the old horror clings. But I think that the old Persian's belief is now pretty common, and with Omar most of us say, "I myself am heaven or hell." But is there no terror in that? The great truth of retribution is now more commonly received than ever before, and all thinking minds have long ago learned that there is no forgiveness of sins (in the sense of a remission of penalty) but that each soul receives according to its deserts in this life and in all other lives. What we are, is our punishment for what we have been, and from this there is no escape. And we seek our own affinities, (good word, which has been degraded, but should be restored). Where dwell the pure in heart, there is fulfilled for them the law of God, *ascend* the souls that are spotless; and to the unclean souls, flock those who have defiled themselves, not thrust there by an arbitrary fate, but obeying the stream of tendency within themselves. This to many of us is not a cheerful doctrine, but it is a wholesome one. Not by fasts or oblations as scourgings of the flesh do we rise to higher levels, but by self-sacrifice and helpfulness and high and holy living. The pure in heart shall see God. Not shadows hot from hell, now appal us, but the consciousness of unworthy living, and the knowledge of its inevitable results.

Terrifying to us today, also, is the old doctrine of the sins of the fathers visited upon the children to the third and fourth generation; yet science every year makes us surer of the fact. But is not this also a restraining doctrine and good for sinful men? How dare a man pollute himself who believes it? How dare he sow sin when unborn innocence must reap the fruit of his defilement? The ignorant and the thoughtless may go that way still—but hardly the man who has partaken of the fruit of the tree of knowledge.

Alas for one of these if there overtakes him
"The sudden that from the living thought
Leaps a live deed, and dies not,"
for long and weary will the atonement be, and the scar of such stabbing of man's better nature nature will never be wholly effaced. His nights will be full of torment, and his days hot and fevered. Salt and acrid are the kisses of passion, charred and cloven the flowers of the spirit which receives them. From that day "the serpent hour awaits somewhere, to sting." Tito Melema is doomed from the moment of his first easy lapse from rectitude. Anna Karenina felt in all the dimpling fibres of her flesh, the inevitable retribution, till maddened at last by the persistency of the thought she rushed to her appalling doom beneath the oncoming murderous engine. Poor little Hetty in Adam Bede was haunted by tumultous dreams of disaster from the hour when there was between her and her lover the knowledge of a guilty kiss. Was sin sweet to any of these, even to Arthur, to whom is dealt out no outward chastisement of doom? Do you imagine that even Rochester slept sweetly with his maniac wife overhead, when trying to betray innocence? Was it necessary to add blindness to the shudderings of the spirit within in order to appease outraged justice?

Did Lady Dedlock need to hear the step in the ghost's walk to add another terror to the guilty knowledge within? Did even as coarse a soul as that of Bulstrode need the outward lash to settle the account? Did the priest Claude Frollo need the last plunge from the tower of Notre Dame to complete the retribution which was his due? Did not the punishment begin with his first furtive watching of the Egyptian as she threw her castanets and danced in the Place du Parvis? There was tumult and perturbation in his mind as he stood gazing at the Provencal sarabands, so free and joyous, which she executed with such grace and gay abandon, and already "a sort of petrified smile contracted his face." From that fatal moment peace had fled, matins and vespers were hideous, religion a lie, and his breast a volcano of turbulent desire. Sin itself is the whip of scorpions, and the fire that burns hottest is the fire within. La Esmerelda, and the Hunchback, and the priest, how they cry out to us. How frightful are the pages upon which their tale is told, how rent are our souls with pity for them all—even the guilty priest who loved with the love of the damned. Let us talk no more of Retribution, the sky grows black.

The world is still about the hammock today. Scarcely is there the chirp of a bird at this noon hour, and crickets are quiet in the grass, and the very street is hushed. Blessed stillness: I lie and bathe in thee, I glory in thy reign. I love night because of its stillness, in country places; in the clanging city streets there is no night. But dawn unfetters all nature, and the carillons begin to ring. Chanticleer sounds his trumpet by three o'clock of a summer's morning, and it is a persistent noise that might awaken the very dead, I sometimes think, as I listen so long to its reverberations, for every cock must crow louder than his neighbor or lose the championship, I suppose. They have voices of all varied calibre, and the bass, soprano and tenor can easily be distinguished, but the total is a hideous discord. Wagner's music can scarcely equal it, at its worst. By the time they have finished their first cantata, the low, sweet voices of the birds are heard talking in their nests. Their soft conversation with each other lasts for some minutes, then they rise into song. Deliciously low and tender is the prelude, all the rapture of peace is in it; then it passes into the fervors of the dawn, as the white light penetrates the dark. The reveille once sounded, the feathered army is soon in motion, and the brilliant oratorio of Morning is performed by a chorus a thousand strong. It is like the music of the spheres. Glad, exultant, unutterably sweet and soft, is the melody. The concert lasts an hour, but the close is often marred by the scolding blue jays and the chaffering sparrows who begin their day's work by that time. They finally drown the robin's song in their harsh clatter, and the noise of full day begins. The sparrows are like a lot of garrulous women all talking together and having nothing to say. They know nothing of the charm of a fine reticence, of a soft voice, or of a judicious silence. They are insistent, aggressive, shrewish, and their unpopularity is well deserved.

By this time the sun's ruling effluence pervades the world, and we are afloat once more on day's incognizable sea. Toil and dolor begin their reign. Soon the daily battle of life will commence for all God's creatures. Nature is "red in tooth and claw," as Tennyson said, and every man and insect, every creeping and flying thing will soon be in search of its prey. Even the sweet voiced robins will be harvesting worms. And worse still, protoplasm will rush after protoplasm to swallow it.

And in the world of man the battle will be no less strenuous. When the bugles of commerce sound the call

"Hector and Ajax will be there again,
Helen will come upon the walls to see."

Deadly will the daily contest be, and when night

again walks abroad in her trailing garments, there will be the victors and the vanquished, as on bloodier fields. There will be the heaps of the slain, and the hosts of the wounded, some fatally, and some who will overlive their hurts. Defeat and victory, they are of all time, and they reach every class, they touch every sentient soul. The shouts of the victors and the wails of the vanquished, they ascend daily unto heaven; there is a crimson rain of roses for the first, and for the last the malign fall of dust and ashes. But up and at it again, oh ye defeated! Other chances remain, the fortunes of the eternal warfare vary, out of success is often born defeat, and from disaster victory. Study thy own nature. Learn of thy own weaknesses and strength. Heed Matthew Arnold's words:

> "Once read thy own breast right
> And thou hast done with fears,
> Man gets no other help
> Live he a thousand years."

How best to prepare for the struggle is the great life question with the young; and those who have passed the active stage and sit as spectators at the show sometimes think they have something to say which may be of moment. This is what Ruskin thought of some of the accepted ways of preparation: "Scott, having had the blessing of a totally neglected education, was able early to follow most of his noble instincts; but Turner, having suffered under the instruction of the Royal Academy, had to pass nearly thirty years of his life in recovering from its consequences."

Heretical doctrine, no doubt, but with pith in it, and enough truth to call for consideration. Genius may safely seem touching, perhaps, but mediocrity (and the world is mediocre) must rise by the instruction of the wise. Original talent of any kind may be able to work itself out,—but more laboriously without help, and the multitude are not and never will be endowed with original talent. The majority will be underwitted to the world's end, and the majority will always run the world. But the minority will continue to rule it, as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be. The divine right of genius is one of the primal truths of the universe.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.

The Creed of a Poet-Naturalist.

Not the whole of his creed, but just one line of it which he has written out in plain words and confessed to the world—an article of faith which, though not theological, might be of interest to theologians in times of reconstruction or revision.

When Ellery Channing wrote the biography of his friend, and entitled it "Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist," he coined a very happy and significant phrase. Its meaning is perfectly clear, and there have been many since Thoreau to whom it may be applied. John Burroughs and Seton-Thompson in America; Richard Jefferies and W. H. Hudson in England, are of the true race of Poet-Naturalists. The latest but not the least of this goodly fellowship is the American writer, William J. Long. His four books, "Beasts of the Field," "Fowls of the Air," "The School of the Woods," "A Little Brother to the Bear and Other Animal Studies,' are delightful contributions to our knowledge of nature and her wild, free children of the woods and the wilderness.

Trained for the ministry of religion, but rejected at the start, through suspicion of heresy, Mr. Long has turned from preaching sermons for a few people to hear to writing books for all the world to read. His training for this has been much longer and more complete than his training for the pulpit. In the preface to his last volume he tells us that his observations recorded there "cover a period of thirty years—from the time when I first began to prowl about the home woods, with a child's wonder and delight, to my last hard winter trip into the Canadian wilderness."

One secret of the unique charm and fascination of Mr. Long's book is discovered in the fact that he has studied living creatures as individuals—one might almost say as *persons*—rather than as members of a class, or for scientific classification. He is perhaps more of a poet and a lover than a Naturalist—or is that only saying he possesses the highest quality, the supreme excellence of the true Naturalist?

> In all my work, or rather play, out of doors, I have tried to discover the things that mark an animal's individuality. I have passed over a hundred animals or birds to watch one, and have recorded only the rare observations, such as are seldom seen, and then only by men who spend long days and seasons in the woods in silent watchfulness.

As the result of such study he has come to believe something about the life of wild creatures of which it is worth while to take serious note. It has brought to me a new consolation, a fresh inward resource of joy. I wish to commend it to others.

Much has been written during the last half century about the cruelty of Nature and the sufferings of her creatures. The world of living things has been described to us as a kind of huge slaughter-house, wherein beast and bird and insect were mainly occupied in killing or being killed—"a system of terrorism from beginning to end," as one writer described it. Tennyson's line about "Nature red in tooth and claw" has been persistetly quoted till, for many, all the loveliness of the earth has seemed blighted with dark thoughts of misery and death. If, turning awhile from all this, we take up Mr. Long's "School of the Woods," and read steadily through, we shall come to a chapter headed, "The Gladsomeness of Life," and another on "How Animals Die," and we shall then know that there is another way of looking at things—another and very different theory of the conditions and "goings-on" of existence in the non-human world. This man who has watched for thirty years the ways and habits of wild creatures does not hold the creed of the slaughter-house or the battlefield. We may believe that during those years he will have seen a goodly number of these wild creatures. He will have seen many individuals of many species in those vast solitudes of forest and lake and stream, among the great hills, in quiet valleys, and on wide American plains, and he will have seen many at close quarters and under various conditions—in the spring and summer when young life abounds, and in winter, when food is scarce, and the struggle for existence is stern. Yet during all this time, and amid all these changes of season and of circumstance, he tells us he has "never once met an unhappy bird or animal"—has "never met one in whom the dominant note was not gladness of living," never one "to whom life did not seem to offer a brimming cup, and who did not, even in time of danger and want, rejoice in his powers and live gladly, with an utter absence of that worry and anxiety which make wreck of our human life."

Now I will not propose that we accept such testimony off hand, and conclude that everything in the natural world is as delightful and joyous as such words imply. It may be an extreme statement; and as it was on a beautiful summer morning, when everything was at its best that Mr. Long tells us it suddenly came home to him that he had never "seen an unhappy bird or animal," perhaps we ought to take his words with some reserve and hesitation. Also we should bear in mind the fact that, to a man of sunny and joyous disposition, a great deal of misery may exist all about him which he does not see; the mind

can throw its own glamour or its own gloom over that on which the eyes rest, and the personal equation is always coming in, and needs to be reckoned with, when we are really concerned for the truth of things and not for mere opinion or theory. Still here is a bit of evidence about Nature and her children, at first hand; and such evidence may at least be set over against the darker view and allowed to modify, if not entirely to reverse it.

In another passage Mr. Long tells us that, in all his watching and study of living creatures, his aim has been "not to record or to make a story, but only to see and understand for myself just what the wild things were doing and what they thought and felt." And when one who watches them in that spirit has to confess that he has never seen one of them unhappy, his words should have some weight and worth for those who read with like intent.

Moreover, this poet-naturalist has two reasons to offer for his faith in the general happiness of living creatures. First, that the animal is not exposed to sufferings in the way that human beings are. He does suffer, of course, but only in his body, not in his mind. He does not worry; he makes no fuss; he suffers quietly, and escapes the misery of impatience and fretfulness. Here is one among many facts of observation recorded in proof of this.

> I have sometimes found animals in the woods bruised, wounded, bleeding, from some of the savage battles that they wage among themselves in the mating season. The first thought, naturally, is, how keenly they must suffer as the ugly wounds grow cold. Now comes Nature, the wise physician. They sink into a dozy, dreamy slumber, as free from pain or care as an opium smoker, and there they stay, for hours or days, under the soft anæsthetic, until ready to range the woods for food again, or till death comes gently and puts them to sleep. ("School of the Woods," p. 330.)

The other reason for faith in the almost universal gladness of animal life is that "the animal has no fears." That which seems to us fear in animals, and which keeps them alert in presence of danger, should, Mr. Long contends, be called by another name, such as "watchfulness or timidity or distrust." Of the three main causes of fear in man—the thought of pain or bodily harm, the thought of future calamity, and the thought of death—of these the animal knows nothing. As a rule he is healthy, and has very little experience of pain of any kind. Of hurt he is soon healed and then forgets all about it. If assailed by beast or bird of prey, he is scared for a moment and then either escapes or is swiftly put to death. Take this one of many illustrations:—

> I saw a big hawk swoop into some berry bushes ahead of me, with strong, even slant, and rise in a moment with the unmistakable air of disappointment showing all over him, from beak to tail-tip. I stole up to the bushes cautiously to find out what he was after, and to match my eyes with his. There I saw, first one, then five or six well grown young partridges crouched in their hiding place among the brown leaves, rejoicing apparently in the wonderful coloring which Nature gave them, and in their own power, learned from their mother, to lie still, and so be safe till danger passed. There was no fear manifest whatever; no shadow of anxiety for any foolish youngster who might turn his head and so let the hawk see him. In a moment they were all gliding away with soft, inquisitive *Kwit-kwit,* turning their heads to eye me curiously, and anon picking up the dried berries that lay about plenteously. Among them all there was no trace of a thought for the hawk that had just swooped. And why should there be? Hay they not just fooled him perfectly, and were not their eyes as keen to do it again when the need should come?—("School of the Woods," p. 318.)

"As for death, this is for ever out of the animal's thinking." He knows nothing of it till it comes, and when it comes he accepts it as some strange thing—he is either killed, as a rule very swiftly, by an enemy, or goes away alone to sleep his last sleep in peace. The chapter on "How Animals Die" is one of the most significant in all these volumes; it is also one of the most beautiful. I will not do it wrong by trying to summarize it. Here are its closing words:—

> The vast majority of animals go away quietly when their time comes, and their death is not recorded because man has eyes only for exceptions. He desires a miracle, but overlooks the sunsets. Something calls the creature away from his daily round; age or natural disease touches him gently in a way that he has not felt before. He steals away, obeying the old warning instinct of his kind, and picks up o spopt where they shall not find him till he is well again. The brook sings on its way to the sea; the waters lap and tinkle on the pebbles as the breeze rocks them; the wind is crooning in the pines the old, sweet lullaby that he heard when his eyes opened to the harmony of the world. The shadows lengthen; the twilight deepens; his eyes grow drowsy; he falls asleep. And his last conscious thought, since he knows no death, is that he will waken in the morning when the light calls him.

The gospel of joy, preached by my poet-naturalist, is surely worth hearing. If that world of living wild creatures *is* a happy world, it were well for us to know and rejoice. For it is a very large and populous world. It teems with such myriads of beings that, in proportion to their numbers, the human inhabitants of the earth are a very little company. And if it be in any wise true that among all these myriads, when let alone by men, there is "not one in whom the dominant note is not gladness of living," the thought of that must be so sweet, so re-assuring, that we may well give it a place in our minds, and hold it there as a very precious thing.

And we should remember that this writer is not alone in his faith, though no other has proclaimed it with so much ardor, or sustained it with such manifold evidence of personal experience.

Charles Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace have strongly asserted their belief in the general happiness of all wild creatures when unassailed by man. Kropotkin, in his remarkable book on "Mutual Aid Among Animals, Etc.," has given many facts and arguments in support of this view. And W. H. Hudson, the beautiful writer on birds, says:—

Always bear in mind that the children of life are the children of joy; that the lower animals are unhappy only when made so by man; that man alone, of all the creatures, has "found out many inventions," the chief of which appears to be the art of making himself miserable, and of seeing all Nature stained with that dark and hateful color. ("Birds in a Village," p. 193.)

May we not hope that it is true? And if true, shall we not "rejoice with them that do rejoice;" and cease to "weep with those who do (not) weep?" And if we learn to be glad with all the gladsome children of nature, and take heed not to lessen their joy—

> Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow of the meanest things that feels,

it may be that we shall come to *have faith in happiness —even our own*—to believe that our human miseries and megrims are but for a time, and that we are not intended to be a permanent exception to the world-wide enjoyment of life. This is a stage, toilsome and distressing to most, wretched often because of personal ailments and worries, or because of the social chaos into which we have managed to get ourselves through ignorance or greed or cruelty. But here and now we may often rejoice "in the living beauty of the universe," and in the freeborn happiness of our humbler fellow creatures. And we may work in hope for the better time, when men shall dismiss their fears and surmount their follies, when they shall be gentle and just one to another, and shall dwell together, on this fair earth, as lovers, and as the wiser, nobler brothers of those children of the wild, who know the secret of happiness, because they do not worry and because they are not afraid. *W. J. Jupp.*

From the (London) Inquirer.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Business Meeting of the Tower Hill Summer School.

The annual meeting of this organization was held at the Emerson Pavilion at Tower Hill at three o'clock, August 19th, 1904, President T. R. Lloyd Jones in the chair. The Secretary's report of the last meeting was read and approved. The Treasurer, Mary Lackersteen, presented her tentative report, which was ordered on file.

Conductor Jenkin Lloyd Jones reported the work done for this season, commending particularly the Nature Studies under the leadership of Rev. Rett E. Olmstead among the birds and Miss Rosalia A. Hatherell with ferns and fungi.

The donation of a square piano by the firm of Lyon & Healy, of Chicago, called forth the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"RESOLVED, That the Tower Hill Summer School, of Tower Hill (Spring Green, Wis.), tenders its sincere thanks to the firm of Lyon & Healy, of Chicago, for its gift of a square piano and stool to the school. We recognize in this action an appreciation of the educational work we are doing, as best we may, in our school and in our Sunday Grove Meetings, and are grateful for this substantial addition to the equipment which helps to make that work vital."

On further motion the thanks of the school were given to Robert Kelly and his mother, Mrs. A. L. Kelly, through whom the donation was secured and by whom the instrument was placed at Tower Hill without expense. The following, signed by the twenty-seven members of the class, was read by Miss Howe and ordered on file:

"We, the undersigned members of the Science Class of 1904, desire to express our appreciation of the work done by Miss Rosalia Hatherell during the present session of the Tower Hill Summer School. We would, therefore, speak not only of the accurate scientific analysis, the keenness of research, and the depth of vision characterizing her leadership, but of the loving touch, the sympathetic feeling, and the poetic insight which give her the power to make clear the wonderful connections and combinations of nature, invest these scientific processes with a charm, and carry the student onward in a rapture of delight and with a wealth of profit.

Wherefore, in token of our keen appreciation of all these things, for which words are quite inadequate, we hereby affix our names in loving gratitude."

The President, T. R. Lloyd Jones, outlined the Nature Studies for next year, viz., insects as primary studies and the continuation of ferns, fungi, birds and flowers as secondary work. Exhibitory charts were promised and the beginning of a scientific library reported; already a dozen well selected volumes are owned by the School; proper provision for the preservation of the same will be made during the year, and further additions are solicited.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Conductor, reported that the second year's work in the study of religions is already fixed for the coming year. Miss Mitchell's literary contribution and other literary and lecture studies will be made to bear upon the same subject of comparative religions. Incidental work in Ruskin, Whitman and Browning may be expected. Many members, led by Miss Mitchell, spoke appreciative words of the far-reaching influence of the school and the work of the Conductor in connection therewith.

The President was asked to send a message of love and regret to Rev. H. M. Simmons, of Minneapolis, whose familiar face and voice have been sadly missed from the programs of the year. On motion, duly seconded, Mr. Olmstead and Miss Hatherell were heartily thanked for their untiring care of the Pavilion and the many beautifying touches added thereto.

The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, T. R. Lloyd Jones, of Menomonie, Wis.; First Vice-President, Rev. Rett E. Olmstead, of Decorah, Ia.; Second Vice-President, Rev. Mary E. Andrews, of Kansas City, Mo.; Third Vice-President, Rev. Granville R. Pike, of Chicago; Secretary, Mrs. Grace Lloyd Jones, of Hillside, Wis.; Treasurer, Miss Bertha M. Howe, of Chicago; Conductor, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, of Chicago; additional directors, Rosalia A. Hatherell, Hillside, Wis.; Amelia McMinn, Milwaukee, Wis.; Wynne Lackersteen, Fort Atkinson, Wis.; Anne B. Mitchell, Chicago; Elsie Philip, Hillside, Wis.; R. H. Denniston, Madison, Wis.; Mrs. T. J. Clancy, Hillside, Wis.; Chester Lloyd Jones, Hillside, Wis.; Mary E. Evans, and Carl Hill, Spring Green, Wis.

Meeting adjourned.

(Signed) MRS. A. L. KELLY, Secretary.

Foreign Notes.

FINLAND AND THE SOLIDARITY OF UNIVERSITIES.

Under the caption *Le Signal de Genève* notes as follows the protest called out by Russia's treatment of students and professors at the University of Helsingfors:

"M. Georges Brandesè, the Danish critic, has just issued, in the journal *La Politique*, of Copenhagen, an energetic appeal to members of the universities of Europe, which we hope will be heard.

"In Scandinavian countries, he writes, we are never weary of speaking in behalf of Finland. The Russian government knows how passionately each of us follows the development of the ever more cruel oppression which prevails in Finland. It is not unaware that we feel and proclaim ourselves one with those on whom fall these increasingly heavy strokes from the violators of the law.

"The blow falling on the University of Helsingfors must not be received in Europe with a silence which seems like consent. All the universities of Europe ought to feel the cruel iniquity which has overtaken one of their number. All ought to protest. Then public sentiment will be aroused, and the idea will gain ground that those who represent free investigation, the disinterested search for truth, are perhaps the most valuable guardians, the best upholders of the sense of right.

"No doubt the injustic is the same toward men who do not belong to the university, such as Baron Wrede, Homen, Estlander, but we find in the University of Helsingfors a typical example of direct violence to this idea, for this act of brutal repression is the response made to the address, unanimously voted by the Helsingfors professors, to the chancellor of the Imperial University of Alexander, the late Mr. von Plehve.

"No one has dared to publish this document for fear of showing too plainly the contrast between the respectful remonstrance and the ferocious repression to which it has given rise. Nevertheless we have the substance of it.

"The address points out that since the notorious military decree of 1901 a considerable number of students have failed to present themselves before the recruiting board. This must not be regarded as the result of youthful caprice or of defiance. No, the reason for it lies in the idea of right and duty of an entire people expressed unequivocally by the natural representatives of this people. The academic Senate sees itself, therefore compelled to utter its conviction that this action of the young students is morally unimpeachable. As the case stands, the youth who enters life finds himself confronted by authorities who expect to force him to act in flagrant contradiction to his ideas of the sanctity of right. The students see the way to all employments closed to them. They even find themselves debarred from contracting marriage under legal forms, they are shut up to this dilemma: either to fly their country, or to be seized bodily as criminals and to see themselves—after an imprisonment of arbitrary duration—enrolled in the disciplinary companies outside of Finland. (A punishment worse than death.)

"Plehve's answer to this was the arrest, imprisonment and deportation of the most distinguished professors of the University of Helsingfors.

"This fact is the more significant, continues Brandes, as in the decree of dictatorship which gave to the general administration power to do what it would in Finland, the University was expressly excepted. The University statutes had been regarded hitherto as untouchable because they emanated directly from the czars. Now the government oversteps the bounds it had itself set to arbitrary dictatorship. Let it understand that Europe cannot contemplate this spectacle with indifference.

"And let no one attempt to represent the protestants as enemies of the Russian people. There is perhaps no people who as individuals, considered separately, arouse so much interest and sympathy. The more one knows the Russians, the more one appreciates and loves them. But the greatest friendship for the Russian people may very well be combined with a most lively indignation at the acts of Russian government in Finland.

"What can be done is this:

"The university youth of the three countries of the north and the professors of the Universities of Copenhagen, Christiania, Lund and Upssla, ought to express their feelings of active sympathy for the students and professors of Helsingfors and protest against the violence and ill treatment of which they are the object.

"Then we may hope that the movement will spread from university to university in other countries: first the universities of England and Germany, perhaps the universities of France, surely the universities of Italy.

"That such a manifestation on the part of the most enlightened men of Europe would not leave the Russian government indifferent, is amply demonstrated. Plehve did not hesitate to make use of his pen when he was attacked by Stead apropos of Finland. It is because the Russian government feels the need of considering public opinion, that it knows very well how to defend itself in certain French journals.

"What is needed is to make the Russian government feel itself isolated.

"The Committee on Arbitration of the French Parliament intends to invite to Paris successively, representatives of all the parliaments of Europe. The English parliament was first invited, then the Scandinavian parliaments. But there is one country which cannot receive this invitation because it has no parliament. That country is Russia, the ally of France, the very country from which the idea of international arbitration emanated. It is this feeling of isolation which we must create at the present time among the men guiding Russia: the feeling that they are regarded as outside the pale of civilization by the intellectual nobility of Europe.

* * *

"This eloquent appeal of Georges Brandès on behalf of the arrested, imprisoned and deported professors of the University of Helsingfors, was soon noticed by M. Clemenceau in *L'Aurore*. He urged the universities of the whole world to protest against this attack. This called out from M. Louis Havet the following letter:

Rochecorbon (Indre and Loire), Aug. 7, 1904.

MY DEAR DIRECTOR:

Georges Brandès' idea is an excellent one. There cannot be a too energetic manifestation in all the intellectual centers of Europe against the attacks of Russian despotism, whose brutality toward the weak is only equaled by its impotence toward the strong. In respect to Finland these acts have been and still are the more odious, because they are not only violent measures, but false and perfidious, each one of them being a renewed breach of faith.

"It is proper, as Brandès proposes, that the demonstration on behalf of the Finnish university should begin in the other Scandinavian universities. Nothing could better show up the lie by which the oppressor has sometimes tried to deceive the Occident, affecting to defend the "true" Finn against Scandinavianism. It will be something to touch hearts if, in spite of treaties violated by czarism itself, the separated brothers of Helsingfors and Upsala show that they have kept a common soul. Furthermore, it will be edifying to see the longtime rivals, Danish and Swedish, fraternizing without reserve in one common cause of justice and inviting all civilized people to join them.

"After the Scandinavian universities, who shall take up the word? Perhaps the German universities, since, as your article indicates, public opinion is largely stirred in Germany. But ours will speak also, and Brandès has no right to seem to be doubtful about them. Our dear Trarieux took with him to St. Petersburg more than one French signature. Furthermore, it is not those who think or those who know, who have invented a republican-czarist patriotism. Even the impulsive masses are largely disabused of the extravagances in honor of barbarism. Those who had forgotten Poland have recovered their memories, thanks to the news from Kichenev or from Ecrivan, thanks, also, to the tidings from Helsingfors. And those who most admire a Tolstoi, those who have dear Russian friends, those who pity the *moujik* and esteem his character, are the first to comprehend that Russia, too, is a victim.

"I do not doubt then, very dear Director, that my Scandinavian colleagues will find an echo among my colleagues in France. The more truly French they are the more hearty will be their endorsement. "LOUIS HAVET."

The Lotus.

The lotus is pre-eminently the flower of Buddhism. It is "said to be the king of flowers in India, and is consequently entitled to precedence on the *toko-no-ma*. It is often called *Hotoke no hana*, or the 'Flower of the Buddhist Spirits,' and on account of its religious character is disliked for occasions of rejoicing." It is the emblem of purity, because "it grows unsullied out of the mud;" it "forms the resting-place of Buddha;" and "the fortunate entrance to Paradise is seated" upon it. When two lovers used to commit suicide together their motto was as follows: "*Hasu no hana no ue ni oite matan.*" "On the lotus-blossoms of paradise they shall rest together."

The popular conceptions of the lotus are further illustrated by the following quotations:

"Though growing in the foulest slime, the flower remains pure and undefiled. And the soul of him who remains ever pure in the midst of temptation is likened unto the lotus. Therefore is the lotus carven or painted upon the furniture of temples, therefore also does it appear in all the representations of our Lord Buddha. In Paradise the blessed shall sit upon the cups of golden lotus-flowers."

In Tokyo the pond near Uyeno is famous for its lotus; but one of the largest and loveliest ponds in Japan is said to be at Hikone on Lake Biwa. This was visited by Mr. H. T. Finck, author of *Lotus Time in Japan*, in which, however, he attempts no description of the lotus. He says: "But how can any one be expected to sketch this marvellous flower in words, when even a great painter can give but a vague idea of its beauty?" He then quotes Mr. Alfred Parsons in the following confession: "The lotus is one of the most difficult plants which it has ever been my lot to try and paint; the flowers are at their best only in the early morning, and each blossom, after it has opened, closes again before noon the first day; on the second day its petals drop. The leaves are so large and so full of modelling that it is impossible to generalize them as a mass; each one has to be carefully studied, and every breath of wind disturbs their delicate balance and completely alters their forms. Besides this, their glaucous surface, like that of a cabbage leaf, reflects every passing phase of the sky, and is constantly changing in color as clouds pass over."

"Children use the big [lotus] leaves for sunshades, the seeds for marbles or to eat;" and the people eat lotus roots without forgetting their native land! Mr. Finck also states that the conundrum, "When is a pond not a pond?" is answered by saying, "When it has no lotus in it."

The lotus is, of course, a favorite subject of Japanese art; "its leaves are usually gemmed with dew-drops, and this effect the artist seizes upon at once." In this connection Mr. Huish also quotes the following poem:

"Oh! Lotus leaf, I dreamt that the whole earth
Held nought more pure than thee; held nought more true:
Why, then, when on thee rolls a drop of dew,
Pretend that 'tis a gem of priceless worth?"
Heuzen, A. D. 836-856. —*Ernest W. Clement.*

From the Open Court for August.

Books Received.

THE OPEN COURT PUBLISHING COMPANY:

"The Ainu Group at the St. Louis Exposition." Frederick Starr.

The Religion of Science Library, No. 40. "Kant and Spencer." Dr. Paul Carus. Price, 20c.

The Religion of Science Library, No. 7. "The Nature of the State." Dr. Paul Carus. Price, 15c.

The Religion of Science Library, No. 56. "Ants and Some Other Insects." Dr. August Forel. Price, 50c.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY:

"Jonathan Edwards' Sermons." Edited, with introduction and notes by Prof. H. Norman Gardiner.

"Dux Christus." An Outline Study of Japan. William Elliot Griffis. Paper, 30c; cloth, 50c.

"The Social Unrest." John Graham Brooks. Price, $1.50 net.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS:

"Physical Training for Children by Japanese Methods," H. Irving Hancock.

WILLIAMS & NORGATE, LONDON:

"The Beginnings of Christianity." Paul Wernle. 2 Vols.

JOHN MURRAY, LONDON:

"Inter Amicos." Letters between James Martineau and William Knight, 1869-1872. Knight.

LONGMAN'S, GREEN, & CO.:

"National Duties and Other Sermons and Addresses of James Martineau." Compiled by Gertrude and Edith Martineau.

GEO. H. ELLIS COMPANY:

"A Century of Village Unitarianism, 1803-1903." Charles Graves. Price, $1; postage, 8c.

HEBREW UNION COLLEGE, CINCINNATI:

"Hebrew Union College Annual." Ephraim Frisch.

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The Chicago & North Western Ry. has issued a new publication entitled "California." It contains a beautiful colored map of the state, a list of hotels at California tourist resorts with their capacity and rates; and a most interesting series of pictures showing California's resources and attractions. The prospective visitor and settler should be in possession of a copy of this profusely illustrated folder. Sent to any address on receipt of four cents in stamps. One way tickets on sale daily September 15 to October 15, only $33.00 Chicago to the Coast. Correspondingly low rates from all points W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., Chicago, Ill.

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